BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS . . . KANSAS

LOOKIN' BACK'ARDS.

I wisht I wus at school again,
A-rompin' like I uste to do
'Ith Matt an' George an' Johnny, too,
An' all the rest o' that young crew
'At uste to play an' laff all day—
I wisht I wus at school again!

Instid o' climbin' on to ten
An' two-score years, 'ith hair as gray
As nor'east clouds sum winter day
('At sort o' gives a chap away),
It seems to me I'd ruther be
A trottin' off to school again!

The school-house with its gaberl end
A-pintin' to the road jes' seems
To raise afore me now, when gleams
O' them ole days cums back in dreams
Wot seems to keep me wrapped in sleep
An' trottin' off to school again!

Gether your slate an' books, an' then
Mother 'ud take to work an' spread
A slice er two of ole-time bread
'Ith cranb'ry jam, an' then a red
Apple er two fer me an' you—
I wisht I wus at school again!

An' then the time we uste to spend,
When school wus closed, out in the wood
A-getherin' the nuts 'at strewed
The ground afore Jack Frost's pale hood
Had kivered all like es a pall—
I wisht I wus at school again!

The years is big with change since when
We walked together down the road
From school—ah! little then I knowed
What I's to hev for a heart-load—
So happy we 'ud romp 'ith glee,
An' nex' day trot to school again!

I wisht I wus at school again.
It seems almos' a hundred years,
A cenchery o' sighs an' tears,
Sence that girl-sweetheart dropt her keers
An' breathed a sigh an' said good-bye!
I—I wisht—I wus at school again!

K. C. Tapley, in Judge.

FRIED OYSTERS.

An Account of the Disappearance of Mr. Cassidy.

"My dear," said Mr. Cassidy, "put on the frying-pan, and get ready to make some oyster fritters. I'm hungry and we'll have a bit of supper before we sleep."

Mrs. Cassidy liked a bit of supper and oyster fritters as well as her husband, and she nodded an assent; and, putting by her work, went into the little kitchen at the end of the flat, and having handed her spouse a small tin kettle with a handle, looked to the fire, and set all that was necessary on the cooking-table. Then she sat down to wait for him.

It was warm in the kitchen, and comfortable and cozy.

Mrs. Cassidy, waiting for her spouse, leaned back against the wall and shut her eyes. Not sleeping; oh, no, only thinking. The clock ticked on; the tea-kettle sang its song. Mrs. Cassidy was back in the country place where she was born, talking at the garden gate with Tom. Then something aroused her. She started up.

Tom! Tom! Why, where was Tom Cassidy? He had been gone an hour. And the oyster saloon was only around the corner. She must have had a nap.

Frightened and nervous, she ran to the door. All was very still in the street, and where the houses were not utterly dark, the lights had gone to the upper floors.

Perhaps the saloon was closed and he had gone farther for the oysters. Yes; that must be it.

She went back to the kitchen and waited, but no Tom came.

In fact, he did not come that night. About dawn next morning the servant, coming down-stairs to kindle the fire, saw her mistress crouched up in the corner of the kitchen fire-place moaning and rocking herself to and fro.

When asked what was the matter, she said:

"Your master is dead, Sally."

Sally shrieked, but when informed that her lady's reasons for this statement were hat her husband had gone out intending to return in a few minutes, and was not yet at home, Sally grinned and took the affair lightly.

"Depend upon it, mum," she said, "he's only gone off on a spree. They all does it sooner or later. My last lady didn't see hers for three weeks one winter. Mr. Cassidy 'll turn up all right again soon."

But her mistress could not be comforted. Neither was Sally a true prophet. It was soon evident that Mr. Cassidy had disappeared.

All his male relatives and connections went to work at the search for him as soon as they could be telegraphed for. No gentleman of his description had inquired for oysters late that evening in the neighborhood.

At his place of business a person waited for him at nine that morning, by appointment. Failing in this meeting was very disadvantageous to Mr. Cassidy.

He had bought tickets for the theater the next evening, for Mrs. Cassidy and himself, and had given them to her to keep safe. Not the most suspicious detective of them all could believe that Mr. Cassidy had voluntarily left home.

A respectable gentleman of his age, well dressed as he always was, probably, would have been taken to a hospital if he had been seized with a sudden attack of illness in the street, or, at least, if he had been supposed to be intoxicated, clubbed, and locked up in a cell for daring to have apoplexy or heart disease, his remains would have have been found by this time. They searched high and they searched low for a week. At last a body was found in the river. Its clenched hand was closed over something that proved to be the handle of a tin can. Time and weather had done the worst with person and wearing apparel, but the body was identified by the loss of two front teeth and a bald spot on his head.

To be sure, Mr. Cassidy in life had worn two artificial teeth, but that was nothing. The detectives, the brother-in-law, the two cousins, talked the sad affair over, and decided that there could be no doubt concerning the manner of his death.

The unfortunate widow had the news broken to her. She was prepared for the worst by that time. And the next day's paper had a full account of the affair. They stated that—

"Mr. Cassidy, a prominent business man of our city, feeling some appetite at eleven o'clock at night, on Wednesday, the —— of ——, with the simplicity and amiability that distinguished him, took a small tin can from his kitchen dresser and set forth to procure a certain number of these luscious bivalves, which his estimable lady—a true American wife—agreed to dress for him. Proceeding down the street, he had reached a lonely and deserted place opposite the well-known church under the pastorage of Dr. Checkem, when suddenly from the shadows of the sacred portal a ruffian darted toward him, crying: 'Your money or your life!' and at the same time dealing him a furious blow in the mouth, which deprived him of two front teeth. Mr. Cassidy defended himself ably with the can, but finally fell senseless under the blows the wretch continued to deal him. The can was wrenched from the handle, which his manly hand still clutched even in insensibility, and after having been robbed of all his valuables, his pocket-book, and even his shoes, he was dragged toward the wharf and cast in. In vain his anxious wife watched and listened for his return. His body lay beneath the dark water; his soul had flown heavenward, and the murderer fled safely with his ill-gotten spoil. Mr. Cassidy's terrible death is deeply regretted by all who knew him."

The funeral was a large one. For awhile every one thought poor Mrs. Cassidy would die, but she had a fine constitution, and with this grief is not apt to kill, though it may put an end to a weakly or ailing person. She got about in her widow's weeds, and her brother, a person of promptitude and dispatch, who always took time by the forelock, closed up the late Mr. Cassidy's business, sold his house and furniture, invested the money for the widow's benefit, and engaged an excellent boarding place for her in no time.

All she desired to do was to weep in retirement for awhile, and to visit every little while the grave over which a stone-cutter had, at the same active brother-in-law's command, placed a marble shaft, engraved with the name and virtues of the deceased—that, and of course she must go to church.

There came a Sunday morning when the widow stood in her long vail before her mirror, and decided that "black" became her greatly.

She sat down and drew on her gloves. She remembered that, after all, thirty-five years was no great age.

"How wicked of me to think of it," she said to herself; "but I wonder whether I ever *shall* do like other widows and marry again? It will be lonely, and poor Tom always said that any one who had been happy in one marriage would surely make another. I've been *very* happy—very. Poor Tom!"

She shed a tear and took from a glass on the mantel a bunch of tiny violets, which she had bought out of pity from a poor little flower-girl, and put them in her belt.

"Crape has such a close smell," she said, by way of excuse, "and no one will notice them."

Just then—

"Good heavens, Selina!" cried a voice behind her.

She started up.

Mr. Cassidy—or his ghost—stood in the doorway. The ghost was but the thought of an instant, and as we have said, Mrs. Cassidy was very healthy. She did not faint. Instead, she uttered a full-lunged, resounding shriek, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed, "Tom, Tom! How did you come to life again?"

"Haven't been dead," said Mr. Cassidy, "and I cabled. Good heavens, what a mass of black crape you are—."

"You wouldn't—have—liked me—not to mourn for you. Tom!" sobbed Mrs. Cassidy. "When I—I—thought I was dying—I managed to say—de-de-deepest black there is."

"But I didn't want to be mourned for!" said Mr. Cassidy.

"I didn't put it on until they found you!" sobbed Mrs. Cassidy. "You looked so dreadful, I didn't know you, but you were identified. Jack identified you, and there's the handsomest shaft over your remains!"

"I haven't any as yet!" said Mr. Cassidy. "Why are you here? Why are those strange people in our house?"

"Jack sold it for me, and settled your business up and brought me here. He was very, very good in my affliction!" said Mrs. Cassidy.

"You haven't *been* in affliction!" said Mr. Cassidy.

"I thought I was. It's all the same thing. I've been through every thing," said Mrs. Cassidy.

"And you seem to thrive on it!" said her husband, angrily. "You're a very blooming widow, indeed. And that busybody, Jack, has been putting me out of the way as speedily as possible, settling my business—selling my home, indeed! And I cabled to you."

"I don't know what you mean by cabling," said Mrs. Cassidy. "But I know that to go off that way was a terrible thing. Without a word or hint. Tricking me, frightening me. If you'd been ill or met with an accident—but to go off and *never* send a word all this time. I can never forgive you."

"Oh!" said Mr. Cassidy. "You never got the cablegram?"

"If it's like a telegram, I never did," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Why, Tom, have you been to Europe?"

"I've been to England," said Mr. Cassidy. "You see, as I went down the street with the oyster can, I heard a carriage behind me and it stopped, and somebody called me—'Cassidy!' I stopped. It was Billings—you know Billings? 'Jump in,' says he; 'want to talk to you, and I'm in a hurry.'

"So in I jumped. He told me he was going on board a steamship—the Spread Eagle—and that as there'd been a delay, she'd start about three in the morning, and he wanted me to see him off. Well, Selina, I couldn't say 'no'—Billings is my particular friend—and I went with him. Knew you'd excuse me, and I went on board, and we looked at his state-room, and we—had a bottle or two of ale and—well, then I said I must go, and he went out of the state-room to get a card to write his London address on, and I thought I'd try whether his berth was comfortable, and I stretched out on it. It had little blue curtains to it, that drew up and down—I drew them down.

"Well, Selina, that's the last I knew until it was broad day. I waked up to find Billings looking at me.

"He had come back, and, as the curtains hid me, supposed I'd gone off. Felt angry that I didn't say good-bye, went on deck to see the last of land and was just going to bed himself. There was a pretty kettle of fish; I'd been carried off. I sent for the captain. He was like a rock; inclined to believe me a sort of a stowaway at first. I raved, I roared, I made a spectacle of myself before strangers; but when people understood that I left a wife who expected me home in ten minutes and my business at sixes and sevens they compassionated me. If we'd met the right steamer I could have got home, but we didn't. I went to England. Good Lord! how wretched I've been! I had to borrow Billings' shirts and stockings. I had enough with me to pay my passage back, but I hid that. I cabled instantly on my arrival, and I came back by the first steamer. And now I find—well, I find I'm dead—dead and buried. I'll kill Jack first, and then go and drown myself."

But Mrs. Cassidy understood now She had taken off her bonnet and vail, and she was petting him and crying over him as if he had been a baby; and begging him to tell her it was not all a dream. And then, a ring at the bell. And there was Jack, with crape around his hat and a prayer-book in his hand.

He took his "blowing-up" quietly, and wrote a paragraph for next morning's papers while it was going on, heading it:

THE DEAD ALIVE!
HAPPY RETURN OF THOMAS CASSIDY.

And he once more took time by the forelock.

He unsettled the business, bought back the house and furniture, induced the stone mason to take back, at a slight reduction, the shaft which marked the grave of the poor drowned tramp who had been identified as Mr. Cassidy, and had the satisfaction of restoring his friends to their old quarters as by magic.

And so, one evening, as the two sat together in their little parlor, Mr. Cassidy said to his wife:

"Selina, we haven't had these oysters yet. If you'll see to the frying-pan I'll go and get some. And I swear I'll not mysteriously disappear this time."

He did not. And as they ate the fritters Mrs. Cassidy declared that it was all exactly like a dream, a horrible dream, that she could not bear to think about.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE POOR SEAMSTRESS.

Hope Deferred Maketh the Heart Sick—A Story of Rich and Poor.

The cold, gray shades of a winter evening were falling—like patent window blinds. The last rosy rays of the sun fell gently on the bent shoulders and tossed hair of a woman who sat at the casement looking out on the chill emptiness of a city street. Her face, still young and pretty, proclaimed education, even gentility—as did her slender white fingers, too frail to be roughened by toil. She wrung them despairingly, moaning:

"It will not come—I am sure it will not come!" The fire was dying in the little grate. "If those people only knew," she said, "what suffering they cause with their delays! While they go on cheerfully and have so much money they will hardly look at you. Yet she promised to let me have it today."

There was a ring at the bell! She sprang to her feet and pressed her face eagerly against the pane. But it was only the postman with a tailor's circular. She sank back in her chair and covered her face with her hands, while scalding tears oozed one by one between her fingers as she burst into a passion of sobs. Was it the poor sewing-girl waiting, deprived of her just dues and of her humble dinner by the capricious delay of her wealthy patroness?

No, sympathetic reader, no. It was, on the contrary, the rich girl herself, whose prevaricating dressmaker had promised to let her have the new evening gown she *must* wear that night "before three o'clock in the afternoon, at latest, without fail."—Fredc. H. Wilson, in Puck.

—In using ammonia for domestic purposes, one tablespoonful to a quart of water is about the ordinary proportion.

WHITE HOUSE DINNERS.

What You Must Do in Case You Are Invited to One of Them.

The usual hour for a state dinner is eight o'clock p. m. As the guests arrive, which should be fifteen minutes before the hour set, they are shown to the rooms for the removal of wrappings and descend by the private stairway to the grand corridor and proceed direct to the East room where the President and lady await them. Each gentleman upon entering the room is handed by an usher a small envelope containing a card inscribed with the plan of the table and bearing the name of the lady he will escort. On the diagram the number of the seats he and the lady will occupy are marked. After being received by the President he examines the card and immediately joins the lady whom he will accompany to the state dining-hall. The lady whom he has brought remains with him until her escort appears.

All his guests having arrived at the appointed hour the steward announces that dinner is in readiness. The President, with the first lady guest, leads the way to the state dining-room, followed by the remaining guests. The presiding lady, escorted by the principal man, closes the line. The Marine Band, meanwhile, performs a suitable march.

In the dining-room the guests find their places and take the seats assigned to them by the plate cards, which correspond in location with the diagram handed them upon entering the East room.

There are four services at all state dinners. The dishes in their order are served on silver salvers by waiters, the guests helping themselves. The chief waiter serves the President first and then proceeds toward the right, and the second waiter toward the left. The same course is observed on the opposite side of the table, beginning with the presiding lady. No one is ever served twice. The plates of one course are removed as soon as each guest is finished and the plate for the next is put in its place.

At the close of the dinner, which lasts about three hours, it has been the custom of late years for the gentlemen to leave the table with the ladies and not return. The custom during the earlier administrations was for the ladies to have their coffee served in the drawing-room and for the gentlemen to return to drink a single glass of wine to the health of the President. Gentlemen wishing to enjoy a cigar retire during the coffee to the corridor at the foot of the private stairway, but join the ladies when the presiding lady makes the motion to retire. After one promenade through the suite of parlors the gentlemen surrender the ladies to the gentlemen with whom they came, and with their own ladies take leave of the President and his lady. They should receive their wrappings and leave the building quietly and promptly. The last of the guests should have retired within thirty minutes after leaving the table.—Washington Star.

MR. LARKIN'S JOKE.

Mark Twain and Bob Burdette Outdone by a Modest Young Man.

"I've got a first-class joke for you," remarked Larkin, cheerfully, as he came and sat on the corner of the editor's desk, knocking several manuscripts into the waste basket.

"Have you?" asked the editor, in breathless anxiety.

"Yes, just thought of it as I came in on the car, and as I know you are always on the lookout for good things, I thought I'd come around and tell you before I forgot it. I'm awfully busy this morning, too."

"Sorry," murmured the editor.

"Not at all! Don't mention it! The joke was suggested by my seeing a man kick a dog three or four blocks away. Don't know why he kicked him, of course. May be the dog snarled at him, as dogs will, you know. Fact is, there are too many dogs—about 99 per cent. too many, I should estimate. Now, I used to own a dog back in the 70's that —"

"Excuse me, but you are forgetting your joke," put in the editor, apologetically. "I don't want to lose it, you know."

"Of course you don't. You don't get a joke like this every day. It's A No. 1, now. And I'm busy, so I won't keep you long. I expect you are rather busy yourself?"

"Well, yes, a little," replied the editor, looking at the clock. "It's nearly ten now. We have to go to press at twelve sharp."

"Then you won't be able to get my joke in this issue?"

"I'm afraid not; but it will keep until the next, won't it?"

"O yes, I suppose so; but I'm sort o' anxious to see it in print. That's why I ran around here to tell you before I forgot it, notwithstanding I'm so busy I don't know what to do first when I get to the store."

"But the joke," suggested the editor, with one anxious look at the clock.

"Yes, yes; well, this is it: When a man kicks a dog he does it on purpose? Pretty good, hey!" and Larkin jumped off the desk and patted the editor between the shoulders with force enough to dislocate a tooth.

"But I don't see the joke," gasped the editor.

"Well, now, that's good! You'll laugh when it dawns on you. Kick a dog on purpose. See? P-u-r-p, purp, o-s-e, us, purpose; see?"

"That is the correct way to spell the word, but I would not divide the syllables in just that manner. P-u-r is the correct division."

"But that is where the joke comes in. P-u-r-p, dog; don't you see?"

"No, I don't. P-u-r-p doesn't spell dog."

"Of course not, but it means dog."

The editor shook his head mournfully.

"Do you mean to say you have never heard a dog called a purp?"

"Never. When young, a dog is sometimes called a pup; but not a purp; at least not by educated people."

"Well, I must go now, for I am afraid I shall be late. I'll come in again when I think of something else real bright, which I very often do."

"I shall be much obliged."

"Not at all. They come natural to me. Good morning!"

"Good morning!"—Wm. H. Siviter, in Jury.

STUDIES IN EUROPE.

Reflections of Prof. Richard Ely, of Johns Hopkins University.

It is my purpose to speak chiefly of those things in which Europeans excel us, for it is in contemplating the excellencies of others that we are most likely to gain profit. The most marked weakness, perhaps, of Americans is a boastfulness which is far enough removed from true patriotism, and it is undoubtedly a characteristic of ours which does more than any thing to retard our progress. The spirit of true patriotism as indicated by these words of Dr. Thomas Arnold: "My love for any person or place or institution is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them;" and, as he says, it ought not to be difficult for any one more than six years old to understand this. It must have often been observed that those who most loudly praise every thing as it is in America are precisely those who grow fat on American abuses. I remember once a member of our worst class of rich men on landing in New York was loud in his praise of America, and pronounced to all the world his intention to live in America, and make all his investments in America. "No wonder," I thought, "you say there is no country like America. It is true. In any other civilized country you would have been safely lodged in the penitentiary long ago."

The reason why it is both a privilege and a delight to live in the United States is because, as has been well said, "America is only another name for opportunity." No country on the face of the earth has ever been granted such boundless opportunities as the United States, and it is our mission to develop here a glorious civilization; but, on the things which make up a high civilization, as science, art, literature, we are not equal to Europe. We simply make ourselves laughable when we assert such a thing, and in many of the things which it was specially my province to observe I think we are fifty years behind Europe. I think that in all that goes to make up what we call municipal government we are fully fifty years behind England and Germany. We are perhaps not so far behind in education, but in every branch of education, from common school to university, we are still far behind the best which Europe offers. Our universities are lessening the differences between themselves and European universities, but I think the distance between our common schools and European common schools is now continually increasing on account of the rapid progress which is being made on the other side of the Atlantic. Reflections like these are among the first which occurred to me, because I do not find this spirit of boastfulness so abnormally developed, nor so diseased a sensitiveness to criticism on the part of Europeans of the better class, nor even among the masses. A German, or more especially an Englishman, can indulge before audiences of his countrymen in criticism of their own institutions which would blast forever the fortunes of an American politician who should indulge in such criticism with us; and yet it is this which is keeping the grand old countries of Europe, like England and Germany, full of life and vigor and solid progress. We Americans are a gifted and ambitious people, and if we can be brought to recognize the superiority of other countries in many respects, it is quite certain that we will make a determined effort to correct our shortcomings. He is an enemy to his country who would keep his country in ignorance of the achievements of humanity in other lands.

Sensitive to Atmospheric Changes.

"It is singular how greatly a man resembles a tree, Miss Biddlekins. The storms of adversity only serve to make him stronger, his heart is often hidden within a rough exterior, the richest fruits of his life may fall where no one sees them and go to waste, and the pruning-knife of sorrow makes him only better and more useful to mankind. He has his seasons of sunshine and bleakness, his growth, maturity and decay, and as birds of the air lodge in the branches of a tree so do good and evil thoughts take possession of his mind. Men are rooted in the principles of—"

"Pardon me, professor, but have you not omitted one point of resemblance? How is it as to their time of—of leaving?"

"I confess there is a difference. Men leave when the air gets chilly. Good evening, Miss Biddlekins."—Chicago Tribune.

—In the New Hebrides there is a babel of tongues, but the Presbyterian missionaries have reduced twelve of them to writing. The seventeen missionaries laboring on the group are all busy with the work of translation.